

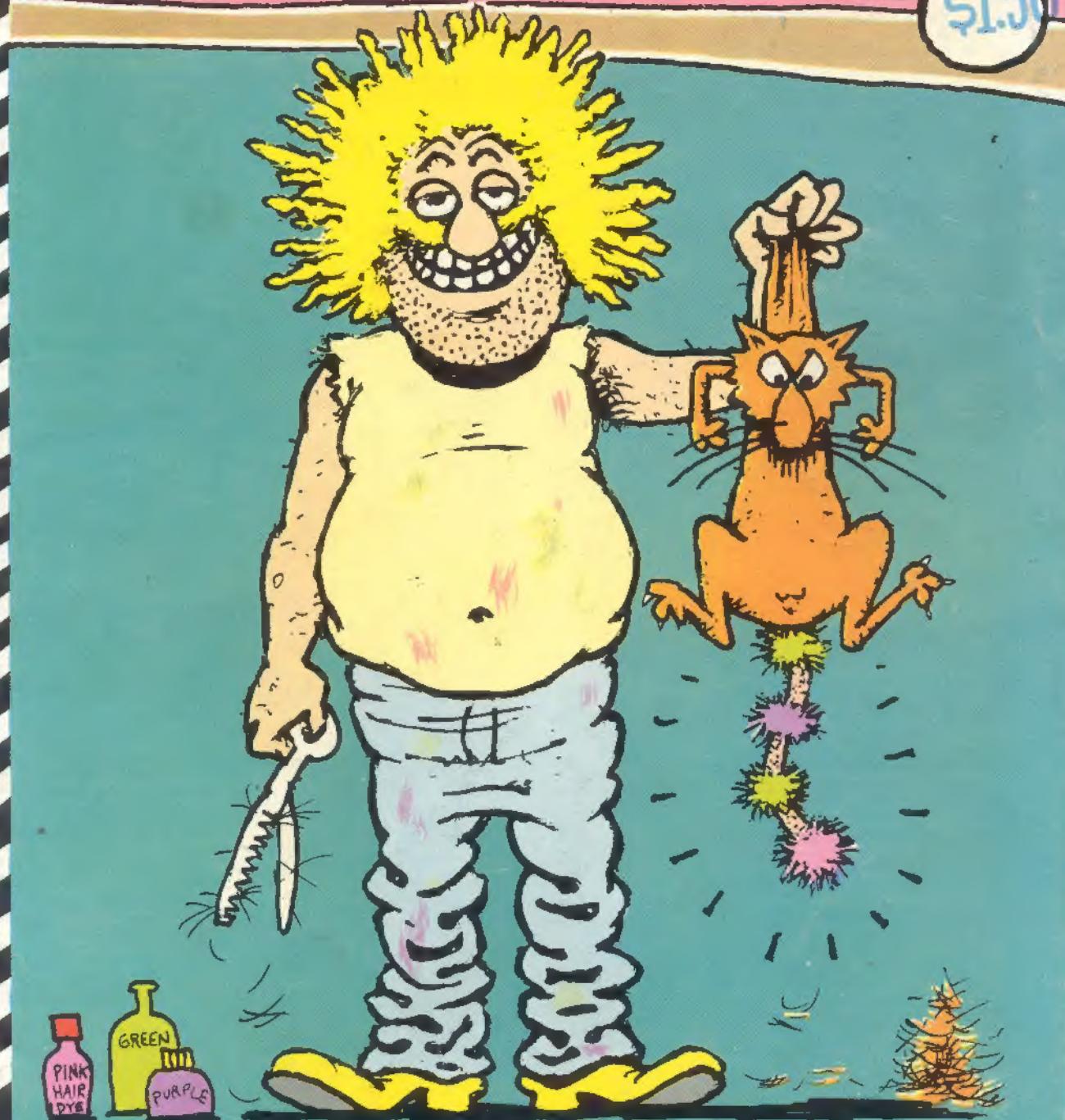
RIP
OFF
PRESS

FAT FREDDY'S COMICS & STORIES

№ 1 (COLLECTOR'S ITEM)

PRICE

\$1.50



EDITED BY Frederick P. Freekowtski, esq.

HUH? WHAT? MY OWN COMIC BOOK?

MY VERY OWN COMIC? WOW! THIS IS A DREAM COME TRUE! THE CHANCE OF A LIFETIME!

WHERE'S THE PENCIL AND PAPER? I'M HEADING FOR THE BIG TIME! MOVE OVER, SPIDERMAN, HERE I COME!



HERE GOES!
I'LL START AT THE BEGINNING!

OOF!

GRUNT!

THEY CALLED
FAT

CHAPTER ONE: HIS HUMBLE ORIGINS

He was born in Cleveland one day of humble parents like you and me. I.

HIM
FREDDY

These were extremely perilous times for our hero. The very first thing he remember is when he slipped and fell on his fat "dog doo-doo" which is extremely plentiful in Cleveland, Ohio just as it no doubt is throughout the inhabited world.

OH NO! I SPILLED INK
ALL OVER MY ARTWORK!

DRAWING THIS STUFF ISN'T
AS EASY AS IT LOOKS, YOU GUYS!

I KNOW! I'LL JUST MAKE
UP THE STORIES AND HAVE
RIP OFF PRESS HIRE A BUNCH
OF FAMOUS CARTOONISTS TO
DRAW THEM FOR ME REAL QUICK!



I'LL START WITH A CLASSIC
HORROR STORY! HEH HEH HEH!
JUST A SECOND, LET ME GET DRESSED!



HERE'S THE OLD GRAVEDIGGER...

HUH? THEY DON'T USE GRAVEDIGGERS
ANY MORE? NOWADAYS THEY DIG
GRAVES WITH A BACK-HOE?



OKAY, THEN, IT'S THE OLD
BACK-HOE OPERATOR!
HEE HEE HEE CACKLE CACKLE



RETURN WITH US NOW TO THOSE THRILLING DAYS OF YESTERYEAR, WHEN MEN WERE MEN AND COMIC BOOKS WERE COMIC BOOKS, AND GOD FORBID THAT EVER THE TWAIN SHOULD MEET. AFTER ALL, GROWNUPS DON'T READ COMIC BOOKS, RIGHT? IN FACT, GROWN MEN DON'T READ ANYTHING AT ALL IN OUR CULTURE. IF YOU EVER SEE ONE SNEAKING A LOOK AT ANYTHING OTHER THAN THE SPORTS SECTION, YOU CAN BE SURE HE'S EITHER A GEEK, A WIMP, OR A WOOSIE, OR ELSE A LITTLE KID DRESSED UP LIKE AN ADULT. SO, WIPE THE SNOT OFF YOUR LITTLE NOSE AND JOIN US NOW FOR A THRILLING OLD-TIME HORROR STORY, ONE OF THE GENERIC CLASSICS...

TALES FROM THE OLD

BACK-HOE OPERATOR!



ARTISTS (IN ORDER OF APPEARANCE): GILBERT SHELTON, PAUL MAVRIDES, HAL ROBINS, JACK JACKSON, SPAIN RODRIGUEZ, GUY COLWELL, S. CLAY WILSON, & TED RICHARDS. STORYBOARDS & LETTERING: SHELTON.

IT APPEARED I WAS GOING TO HAVE TO PHONE THE MECHANIC. TO DO SO, I WOULD HAVE TO TRAVERSE THE ENTIRE LENGTH OF THE CEMETERY. IT LOOKED LIKE SOMETHING OUT OF OLD E.C. COMICS.



HERE AND THERE TWISTED TREES WERE VISIBLE THROUGH THE MIST, LIKE GROTESQUE AND HULKING DEMONS RENDERED BY THE INIMITABLE JACK DAVIS.



COUNTLESS INSECTS AND ARACHNIDS WERE SKITTERING AND CLICKING IN THE DARKNESS, EACH ONE LOVINGLY DRAWN BY "GHASTLY" GRAHAM INGELS.



THERE WERE MYSTERIOUS BIRDS LURKING IN THE SHRUBBERY, AND BATS FLITTING THROUGH THE FOGGY NIGHT, ALL DRAWN BY WALLACE WOOD.



NOW WE SEE A CLOSE-UP OF YOURS TRULY DONE BY THE GREAT JACK KAMEN, WHILE SOUND EFFECTS BY WILL ELDER ECHO THROUGH THE GLOOM.



FROM TIME TO TIME AN EXPRESSIONISTIC BOLT OF LIGHTNING, PENNED BY HARVEY KURTZMAN, WOULD ILLUMINATE THE EERIE, SURREAL SCAPE.



LONG AGO, THE LOCAL LEGEND GOES, A SAD AND HORRIBLE EVENT TOOK PLACE HERE, INVOLVING A BEAUTIFUL WOMAN BY FRANK FRAZETTA. IT WAS OVER BY THAT CHARLES ADDAMS GAZEBO.

THAT DOESN'T MATTER. THESE GRAVESTONES CAME FROM EDWARD GOREY, AND HE NEVER WORKED FOR E.C. EITHER. THE POINT IS, THIS SPOT IS REPUTED TO BE HAUNTED.



IT'S THE GHOST OF A **WIDOW** WHOSE **LOVER** WAS **EXECUTED** FOR THE **MURDER** OF HER **HUSBAND** AND THE GUY WAS **INNOCENT** BECAUSE HE WAS WITH **HER** THE NIGHT THE **HUSBAND** DIED BUT **SHE CAN'T SAY** ANYTHING.



THAT'S NOT THE WHOLE STORY. THE WAY IN WHICH THE WIDOW HERSELF ENDED WAS THE REALLY **TERrible** PART. SHE HAD COME OUT AT NIGHT TO VISIT HER DEPARTED LOVER'S GRAVE.



AND JUST AS SHE WAS PASSING THIS VERY SPOT, SHE SPOTTED SOMETHING DARK, CHILLING, AND LUMPY, HALF HIDDEN BEHIND A BELLADONNA TREE.

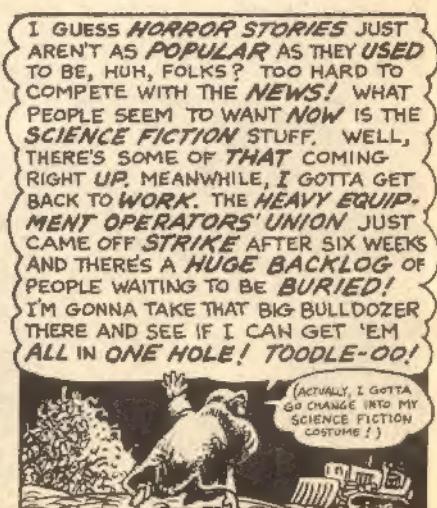
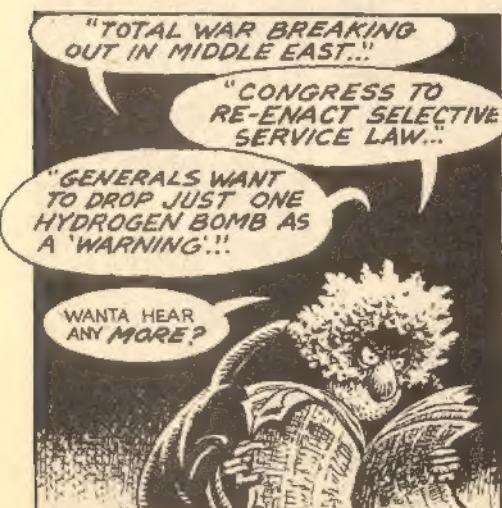


IT WAS...

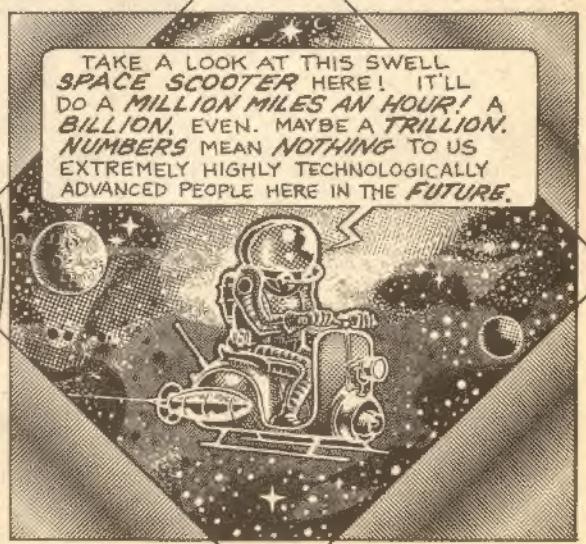


IT WAS... A...





DA-DUMMMMMMM!!! REAL LOUD, SERIOUS-SOUNDING ORCHESTRA MUSIC. BOOM BOOM BOOM POO POO POO POO PEEP PEEP PEEP TINKLE BUZZ CRASH! VIOLINS AND MOOG SYNTHESIZERS AND ALL THOSE THINGS. IT'S MILLIONS OF YEARS IN THE FUTURE. BILLIONS OF YEARS. AND IT SEEMS THAT ALL THE EVIL AND UGLY FORCES IN THE UNIVERSE HAVE FORMED A GREAT CONSPIRACY TO WIPE OUT ALL THE NICE FOLKS BACK ON EARTH. ONLY ONE HUMAN BEING STANDS IN THE PATH OF THESE FIENDS AND MURDERERS, AND THIS MAN IS NONE OTHER THAN OUR OLD FRIEND FANTASTIC FREDDY, OTHERWISE KNOWN AS...



IT OUGHTA BE REAL EASY TO
PICK UP CHICKS WITH A SNAPPY
SET OF WHEELS LIKE THIS!

UNFORTUNATELY, THERE ARE VERY
FEW WOMEN IN OUTER SPACE.

ANYWAY, I'M SUPPOSED
TO BE SAVING THE UNIVERSE
FROM THE GIANT COMBINED
CONSPIRACY OF EVIL AND
UGLY THINGS. I CAN'T BE
WASTING MY TIME HERE!

PITCHEWWWWW

* THERE IS NO SOUND
IN OUTER SPACE, EITHER.
FAT FREDDY IS ACTUALLY
MAKING ALL THE SOUND
EFFECTS HIMSELF, IF YOU
DIDN'T KNOW THIS ALREADY.

WHAT'S THAT? IT LOOKS LIKE
THE BIZARRE CRAFT OF THE EVIL
AND UGLY GENERAL PONG OF
THE DREAD BLACK PLANET BAKEL!

IF I CAN SORTA SLIP INTO
TRAFFIC BEHIND HIM, MAYBE
I CAN FOLLOW HIM UNNOTICED
BACK TO THE EMPEROR'S SECRET
LAIR, THE EVIL AND UGLY SPACE
SUCKER, FLAGSHIP OF THE
EVIL AND UGLY SPACE FLEET!

ONCE I GET INTO THEIR SHIP, I
SHOULD BE ABLE TO FIND THEIR
SECRET WEAKNESS! THIS SET OF
PURLOINED BLUEPRINTS MIGHT BE
ABLE TO PROVIDE ME WITH A CLUE...

AH, HERE IT IS.

IT'S LOCATED IN THE
"SECRET WEAKNESS CHAMBER."

DO NOT PULL OUT THIS COTTER PIN
OR EVERYTHING IN THE
EVIL AND UGLY CONSPIRACY WILL EXPLODE
WITH A TERRIFICIOUS NOISE

ALL I GOTTA DO IS GET
THERE! IT'S A PIECE OF CAKE!

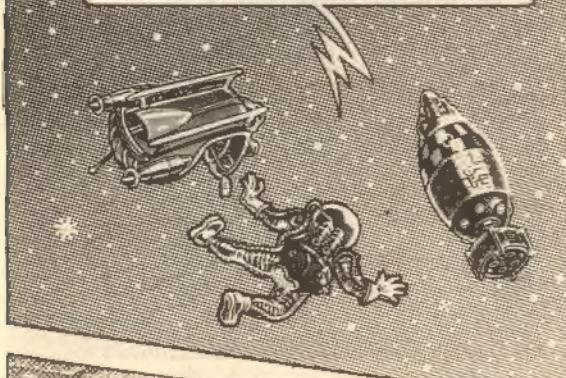
UH-OH! WHAT'S WRONG WITH MY VEHICLE?

AAAAAAARRGH!!! I'M OUT OF FUEL!!!
I FORGOT TO CHECK THE GAUGE!!!



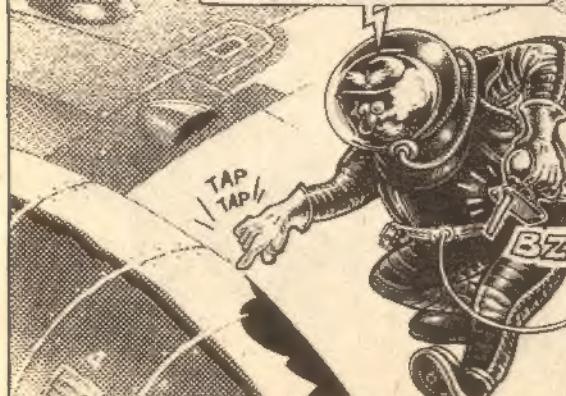
MAYBE THEY HAVE SOME EXTRA POLLUTONIUM PELLETS ON BOARD.

IF I CAN JUST DRIFT UP CLOSE
ENOUGH BESIDE HER TO ATTACH
MY EVER-HANDY **MAGNETO-LINE**.



????
THERE'S NO SIGN OF LIFE!
I'LL HAVE TO CUT MY WAY IN

FORTUNATELY, I BROUGHT MY
SABER SAW ALONG.

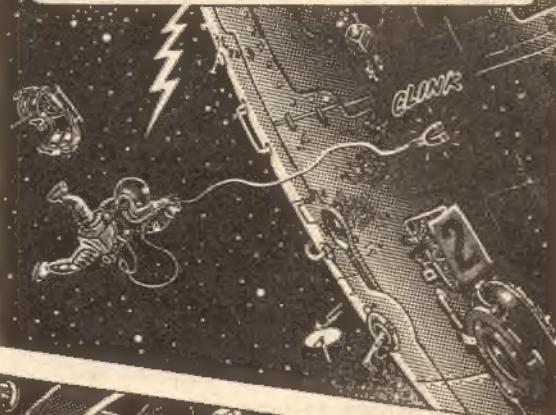


(SOB!) (CHOKE!) ALL IS LOST!
DESTINED TO DRIFT FOREVER IN
THE VAST REACHES OF SECTOR 350
Y411-66877Ω.23, OUTER SPACE!

WAIT A MINUTE! WHAT IS THAT
CRUISING SLOWLY IN THE DISTANCE?
IT LOOKS LIKE A *SPACE FREIGHTER!*



HEH HEH HEH! MAYBE IT'S FULL OF
BEAUTIFUL WOMEN ON THEIR
WAY TO AN UNHAPPY SERVITUDE IN
THE **BREEDING BROTHELS** OF BETEGEUSE!
I WOULD BE REQUIRED TO **LIBERATE** THEM.



GOSH, THIS IS SPOOKY!
I WONDER WHAT **HAPPENED**
TO THESE POOR GUYS!

THIS ONE'S THE **CAPTAIN**.
AND HE'S CLUTCHING A PIECE
OF **NOTE PAPER** IN HIS HAND!
IT APPEARS TO BE... A **NOTE**!

TO WHOM IT MAY CONCERN:

WE ARE DOOMED.
DUE TO EXCESSIVE RATE OF
CONSUMPTION, WE HAVE RUN OUT
OF FUEL ONLY ONE TENTH OF THE
WAY TO OUR DESTINATION.

DEAR GOD, IF THERE IS A
GOD, SEE TO IT THAT THIS CARGO
OF **COMIC BOOKS** GETS DELIVERED
SOMEHOW TO THOSE POOR LITTLE KIDS
ORPHANED BY THE SUPERNOVA IN
ORION.

GOOD-BYE,

Captain Arlington

AW, HECK. I READ ALL THESE
COMICS WHEN I WAS A KID. I DON'T
FEEL LIKE READING THEM AGAIN.

YOU WANNA KNOW SOMETHING?
OUTER SPACE IS JUST ABOUT
THE DULLEST PLACE THERE IS.
IT AINT LIKE IN THE **MOVIES** AT ALL.

PHOOEY POODLE-SQUIT! I CAN'T EVEN GET THE
RADIO TO WORK! IT MUST BE ONE OF THOSE
SHODDY **DETROIT**-BUILT ROCKET SHIPS! I
GUESS THEY CAN'T BUILD 'EM ANY BETTER
HERE IN THE **FUTURE** THAN THEY DID IN THE **PAST**.

I THINK EVERYONE'S GETTING
BORED WITH SCIENCE FICTION
NOW, ANYWAY! LET'S FACE
IT: THE **FUTURE SUCKS!!**
WHAT PEOPLE LIKE RIGHT
NOW IS **BARBARIANS!**

H. ROBINS

HOLD ON
WHILE I
GO CHANGE!

WHO KNOWS WHAT PRIMITIVE POWERS AND PASSIONS ARE LURKING IN THE
INTERIOR CAVITIES OF MAN? THE BARBARIAN KNOWS. THAT'S WHO. AND
WHO IS THE BIGGEST, BADDEST, BEST-LOOKIN', MOST INTELLIGENT, MEANEST
AND WICKIEST BARBARIAN OF ALL? THE BARBARIAN!

FREDDY THE BARBARIAN!

THAT'S WHO! AND HE'S ALMOST
TOO BARBARIC TO BEAR!

GRUNT!

KISS ME, O
BARBIFEROUS ONE!

jaxon

© 1971
E. D. M.

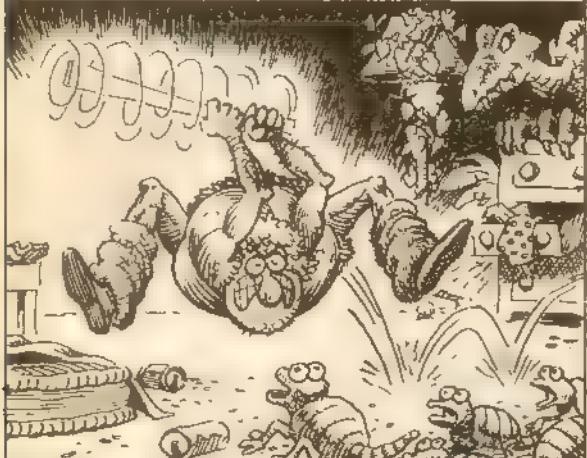
ARMED WITH HIS TRUSTY METEWAHND, LO THE AWESOME BARBARIAN DID VENTURE FORTH, AND DID GO ABOUT FROM PLACE TO PLACE, EXACTING FROM THE POPULACE **TRIBUTES** AND **GRATUITIES**.



FIRST HE DID JOURNEY TO THE FAR REALM OF **NORTH ZULCH**, & WHILE ON HIS WAY, HE ENCOUNTERED AND SLEW A COVEN OF TWENTY-ODD LOATHSOME **PUSSANTHROPIES**.



THEN HE HIED HIMSELF TO THE DISTANT EMPIRE OF THE **BRIGGLFILTANS**, WHERE HE SOUGHT OUT AND DISPATCHED THE DOLOROUS **FAFFLEWOOD** IN AN ARMED ENCOUNTER LASTING SIX FORTNIGHTS.



WHEREUPON HE IMMEDIATELY SET OUT TOWARD THE **MYSTIC TOWER OF UPDOCK**, BUT THE ROUTE WAS BLOCKED BY THE **LEGIONS OF LEGHORN** AT THE CROSSROADS VILLAGE OF **OMELETTE**, & THEY DID FIGHT SWORD AND LANCE, TOOTH AND NAIL, HOUR AFTER HOUR, UNTIL THE COWS DID COME HOME.



THE COWS, HOWEVER, PROVED TO BE **WOLVES IN SHEEPS CLOTHING**, AS OUT FROM THEIR DISGUISES POPPED THE DREADED, COW-BORING PARASITE PEOPLE OF **CELLULOID CITY**! THE NOBLE BARBARIAN WAS IN THE MIDST OF NEGOTIATING A TREATY WHEN THE SITUATION WAS COMPLICATED BY THE INTERFERENCE OF THE ARMY OF SCRIBES! ALL THROUGH THE NIGHT THE SCORE WAS SETTLED, AND THE LANDSCAPE BECAME SCOURED OF ALL TREES! THE VERBIAGE WAS OVERWHELMING! SO OUR BARBARIK HERO PULLED OUT HIS SWORD AND KILLED EVERYONE. WITHIN A DISTANCE OF FOURSORE AND ELEVEN NECTOMETERS.



AND THEN, HE



YEAH? AND THEN
WHAT DID I DO?



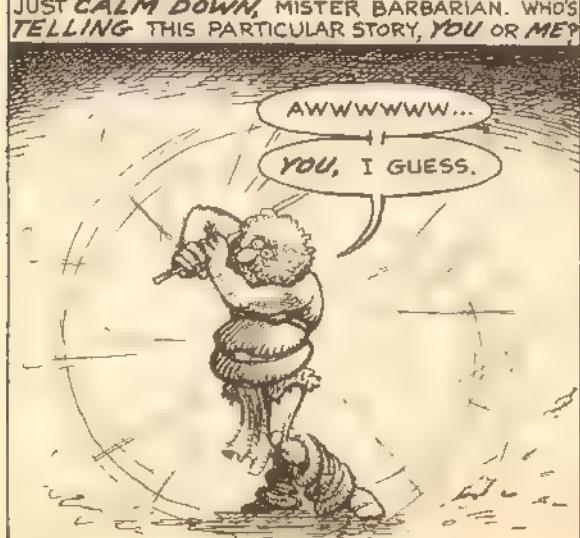
HOLD ON I'VE RUN OUT OF FUNNY-SOUNDING NAMES.

WELL, HURRY UP, TURKEY!
WE DON'T HAVE ALL DAY!

HOW ABOUT GETTING SOME PRETTY
GIRLS INTO THE ACTION HERE, HUH?



JUST CALM DOWN, MISTER BARBARIAN. WHO'S
TELLING THIS PARTICULAR STORY, YOU OR ME?



SO THEN THE BARBARIC ONE FOUGHT THE ARMY OF THE SPILT'PPTT'OEY AND DID...

WAIT JUST A MINUTE HERE!

IS THIS ALL I'M EVER GOING TO GET TO DO? RUN ALL OVER THE PLACE KILLING THINGS?



WELL, YES. THAT'S ABOUT THE EXTENT OF IT.

WELL, I'M THE STAR OF THIS STORY AND I'M PUTTING MY FOOT DOWN! GET SOME WOMEN INTO THE SCENE OR I'M WALKING OUT!



OKAY. YOU ASKED FOR IT; YOU GOT IT.

PING

GLOW GLOW

WHIRR



YELP! SQUEAL!
A YETI IS THE ONLY
THING THAT STINKS
WORSE THAN A
BARBARIAN!!!

KISSY WISSY

HUGGY HUGGY!



WAIT A MINUTE! I DON'T HAVE TO PUT UP WITH THIS SORT OF HARASSMENT FROM A BUNCH OF PRIMITIVES! I KNOW A THING OR TWO ABOUT TECHNOLOGY!

SCREET!



NO MORE OF THAT OLD-FASHIONED, NAMBY-PAMBY "BIG-STICK POLICY"!
THIS RED-BLOODED GUY! LOOK OUT, BARBARIANS, YOU'RE MESSING AROUND WITH...

G.I. FREDDY

TASTE COLD STEEL,
BARBARIANS!

HAVE A WHIFF
OF GRAPESHOT!

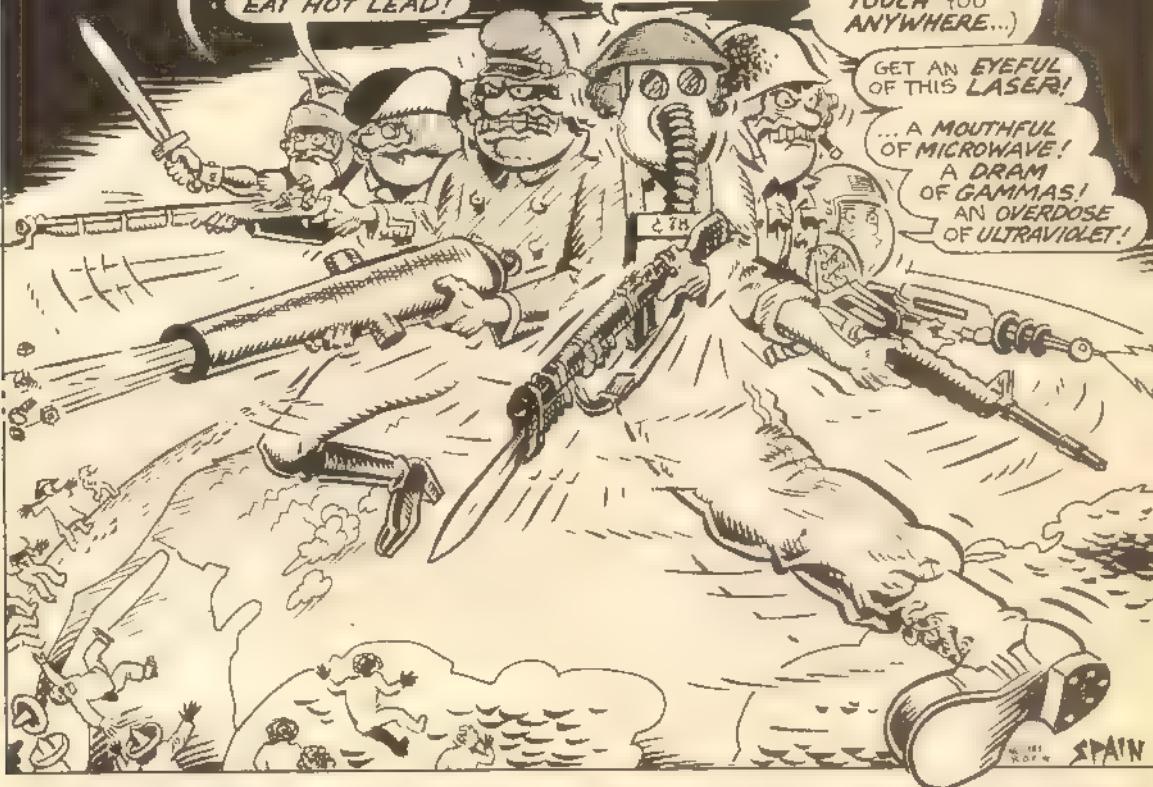
EAT HOT LEAD!

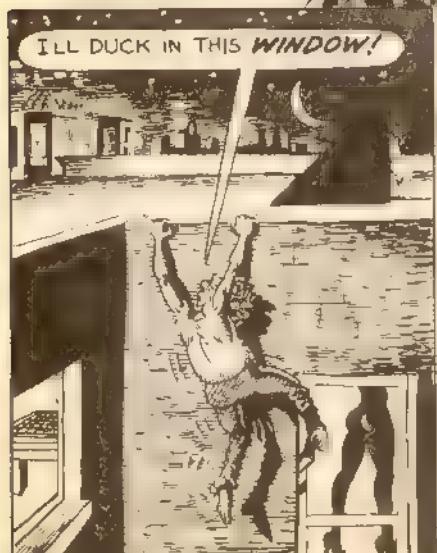
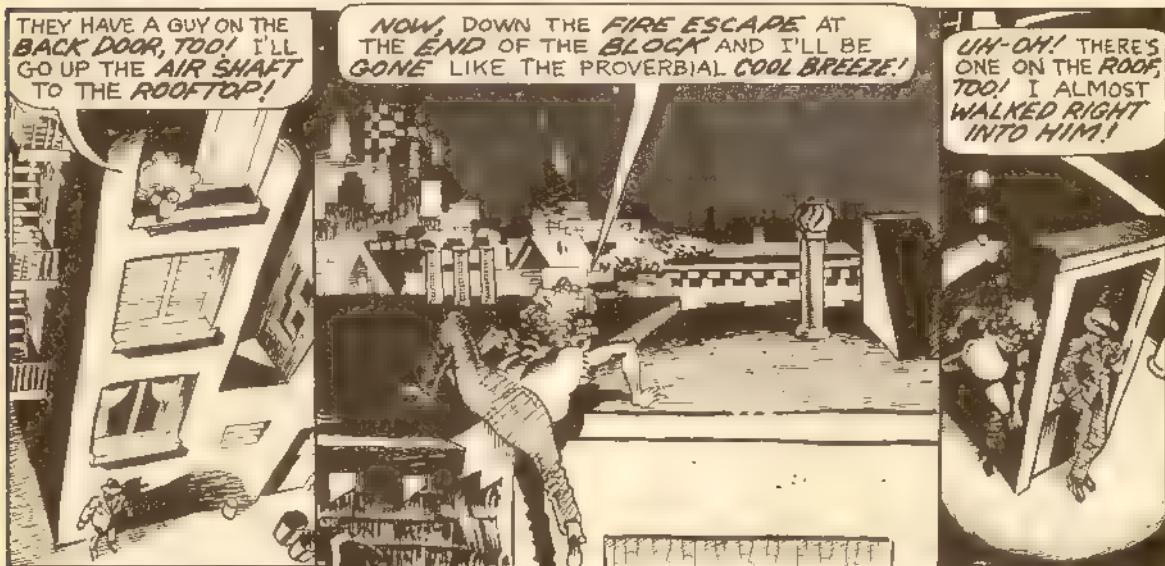
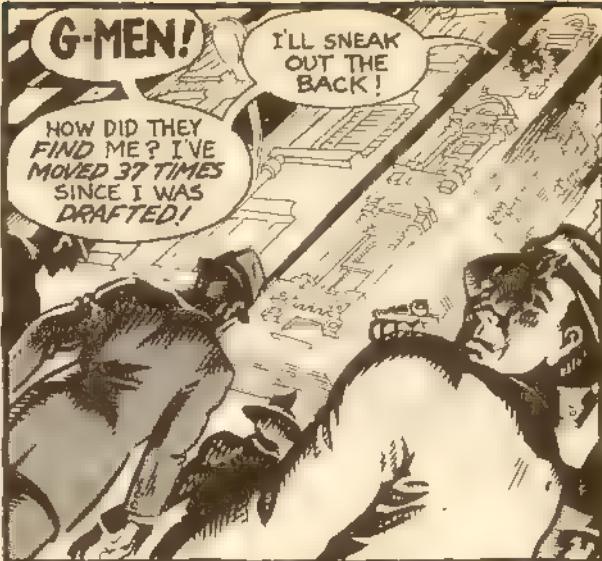
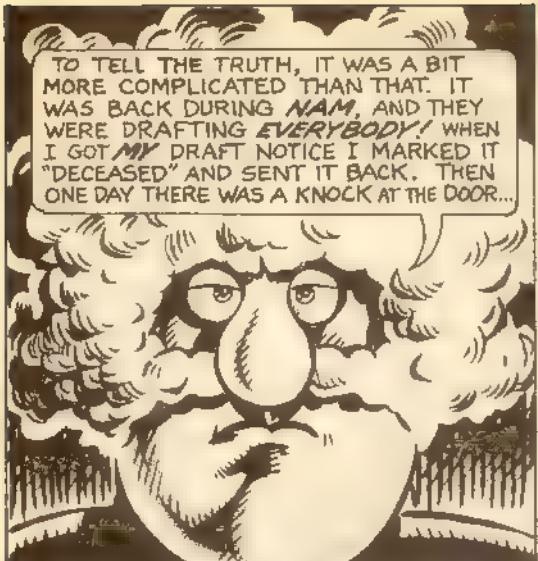
A SNIFF OF
MUSTARD GAS!

AND JUST
LET A DROP
OF NERVE GAS
TOUCH YOU
ANYWHERE...

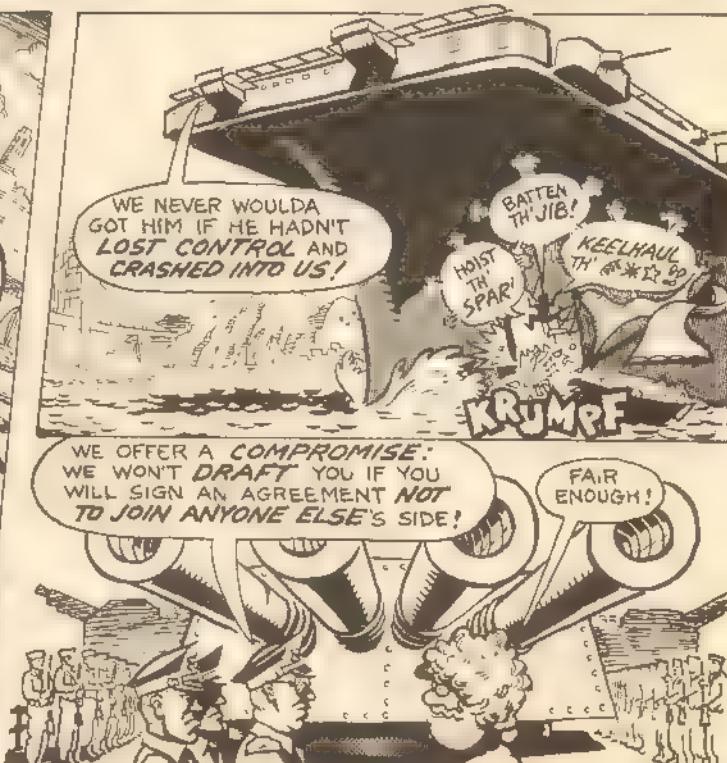
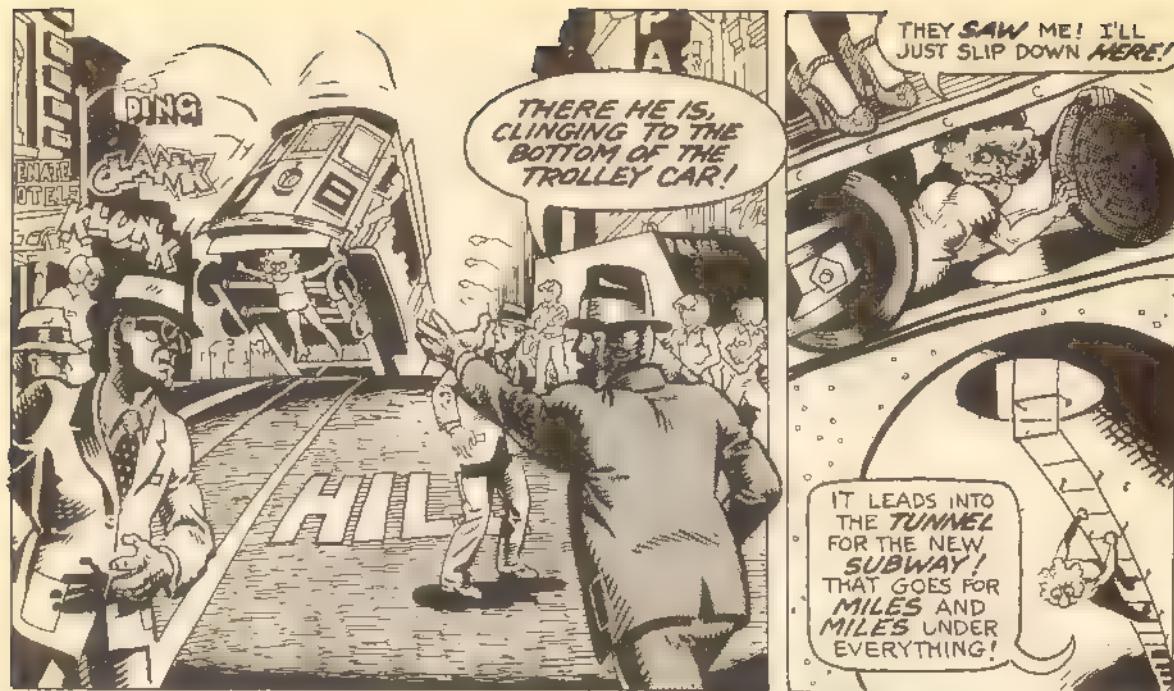
GET AN EYEFUL
OF THIS LASER!

...A MOUTHFUL
OF MICROWAVE!
A DRAM
OF GAMMAS!
AN OVERDOSE
OF ULTRAVIOLET!









GOODNESS! IS THAT TRULY FAIR, NOW? WELL, ALL'S FAIR IN LOVE AND WAR, AS THEY SAY. FAIR'S FAIR, THEY SAY, TOO. NOT GOOD, JUST FAIR. ALL'S NOT GOOD IN LOVE AND WAR. BUT ANYHOW... YOU'VE HEARD OF GOOD, REAL, AND TRUE LOVE, BUT HAVE YOU EVER HEARD OF A FAIR LOVE? YOU'RE ABOUT TO! HERE'S A FAIRLY GOOD FAIRLY REAL, AND FAIRLY TRUTHFUL EPISODE FROM THE ANNALS OF

FAT FREDDY'S True Romances

HEY, YOU ALL KNOW WHAT
A GREAT FIGHTER I AM, BUT
YOU PROBABLY DIDN'T REALIZE
I'M A PRETTY FAIR LOVER, TOO!



IF YOU DON'T BELIEVE ME, JUST ASK AROUND DOWN AT THE "FROG AND FUNNEL," THE LOCAL WATERING HOLE, WHERE I AM KNOWN BY ALL.

HI, FREDDY!

G'MORNIN', BERNICE.
GIMME A BEER!

ASK BERNICE, THE BARTENDER. SHE'S A GREAT PERSON. SHE'S ABOUT THIRTY-FIVE OR SO, AND SHE'S SORT OF A MOTHER FIGURE FOR EVERYONE.

HAVE A
GOOD TIME
LAST NIGHT,
FREDDY?

GEE, I DON'T
KNOW. I CAN'T
REMEMBER
TOO WELL.

JUST LAST NIGHT, FOR INSTANCE, I NOTICED THIS BEAUTIFUL REDHEAD SITTING AT THE OTHER END OF THE BAR, SO I WALKED ON DOWN AND TURNED ON THE OLD CHARM.

HEY, DIDJA HEAR
THE JOKE ABOUT THE
GUY THAT PAINTED
THE HORSE'S HOOVES
GREEN?

(AHEM!) BARTENDER,
WOULD YOU TELL THIS
PERSON TO QUIT
BOTHERING ME?

JUST THEN, I SPIED THIS GREAT-LOOKING BRUNETTE OVER BY THE JUNE BOX. SO I TOSSSED DOWN THE REST OF MY WALLBANGER AND SAUNTERED OVER TO SHOW HER MY MOVES.

CLICK
HOW ABOUT SOME
MOOD MUSIC! R-3B!
THAT'S CHUCK BERRY'S
"MY DING-A-LING!"

HEY! THAT WAS
MY QUARTER!

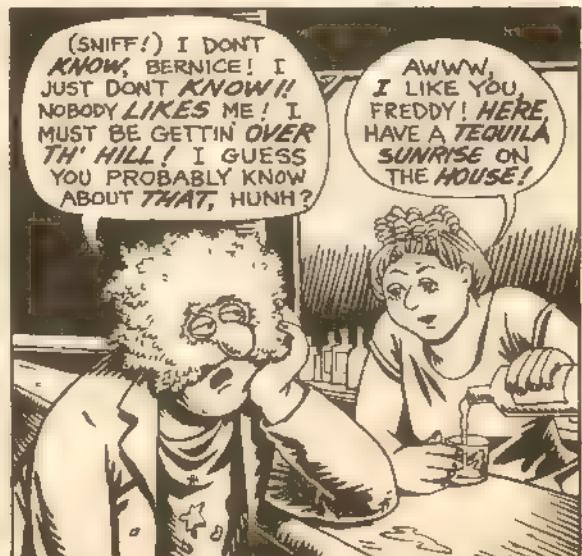
SO I SIDLED OVER TO THIS PETITE LITTLE BLONDE AND PROCEEDED TO LITERALLY MELT HER INTO A PUDDLE...

HI! I...

SORRY! I
HAVE A
HEADACHE!

(SNIFF!) I DON'T
KNOW, BERNICE! I
JUST DON'T KNOW!!
NOBODY LIKES ME! I
MUST BE GETTIN' OVER
TH' HILL! I GUESS
YOU PROBABLY KNOW
ABOUT THAT, HUNH?

AWWW,
I LIKE YOU,
FREDDY! HERE,
HAVE A TEQUILA
SUNRISE ON
THE HOUSE!



THEN BERNICE GAVE ME A GREAT SUGGESTION

WHY DON'T YOU GO TALK TO THAT ONE OVER IN THE CORNER THERE, FREDDY? SHE'S BEEN HERE SINCE 5:00! MAYBE SHE'S LONELY.



SO I WENT OVER AND LAID A FEW OF THE BEST LINES FROM "HOW TO PICK UP CHICKS" ON HER.

WHATS A NICE GIRL LIKE YOU DOING IN A DUMP LIKE THIS? CAN I BUY YOU A DRINK? (OOPS! I'M OUT OF MONEY!!) WELL, WOULD YOU LIKE THE REST OF MINE, THEN?



WHY DON'T WE GET OUT OF THIS NOISY PLACE AND GO SOMEPLACE WHERE WE CAN TALK?

(BELCH.)



GOOD NIGHT, EVERYBODY!

SEE YOU TOMORROW, FREDDY.



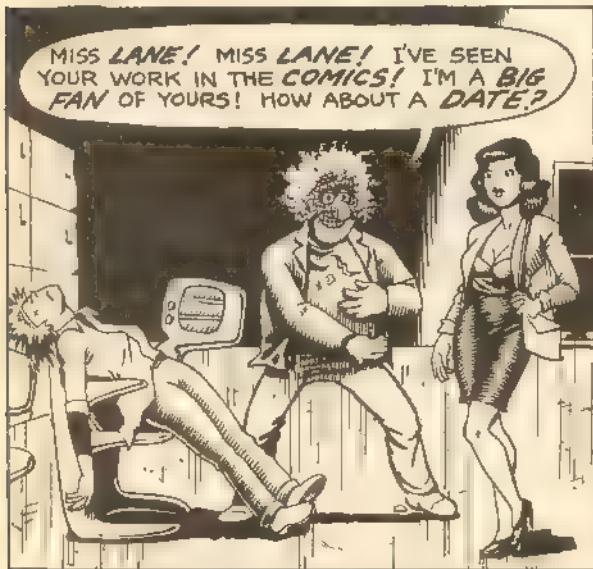
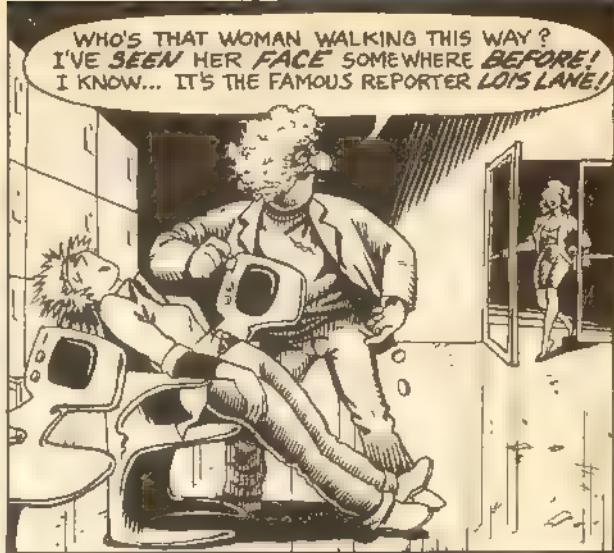
AWWW, GEE WHIZ! SHE PASSED OUT! I'LL HAVE TO CARRY HER HOME!



WHEW! I'M TOO TIRED TO TOTE HER ANY FARTHER! I'M GOING TO HAVE TO LEAVE HER SOMEWHERE...

AH! THE BUS STATION WOULD BE PERFECT!





LOOK UP THERE IN THE SKY!

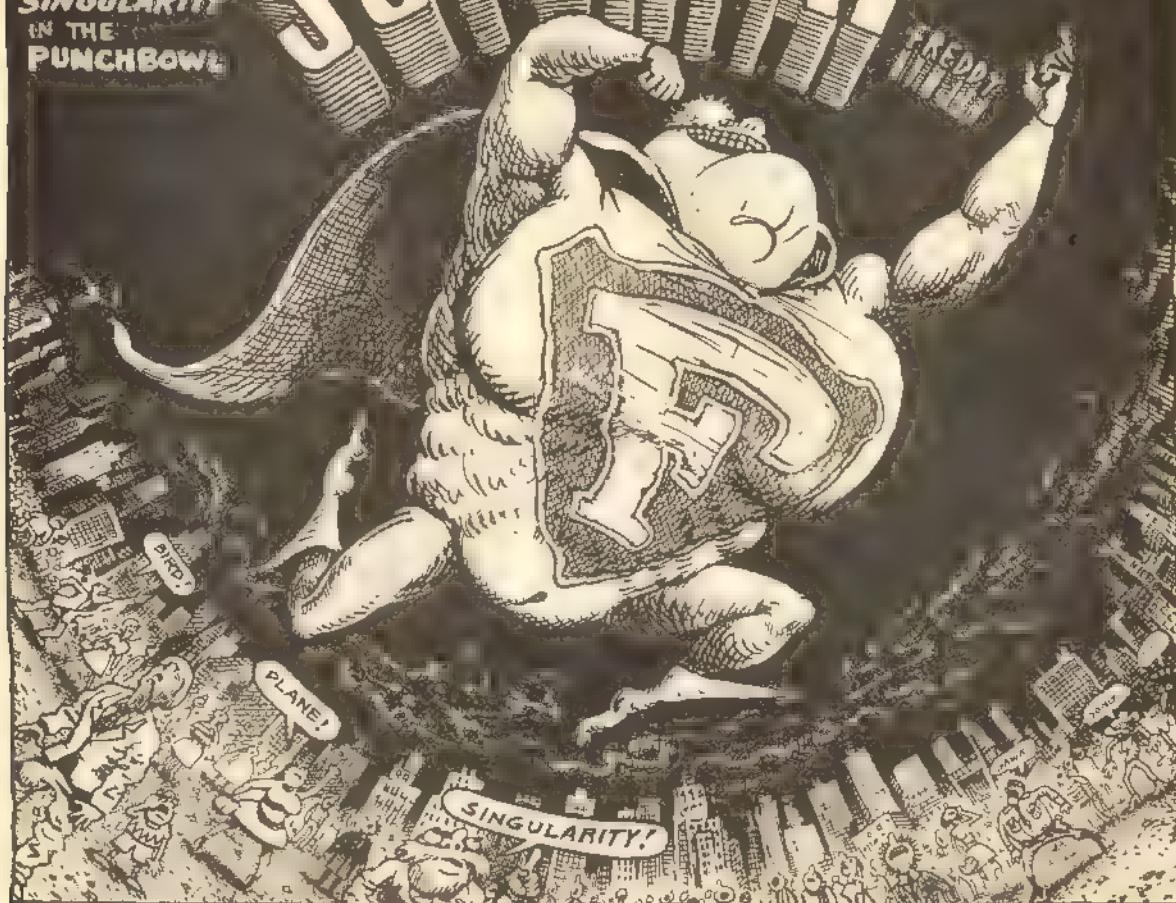
IS IT A BIRD?
IS IT A PLANE?

NO!

IT'S THAT
SINGULARITY
IN THE
PUNCHBOWL

©1983 R.R.P. INC.

SUPERFAIT



FASTER THAN A
SPEEDING BULLET



MORE POWERFUL
THAN A
LOCOMOTIVE



(...and **FAT** as a firkin o' **WART-HOG**)



Able to leap over **LARGE TABLES** in a **SINGLE BOUND**.



FREDDY! WHAT THE HELL DO YOU THINK YOU'RE DOING? PUT ON YOUR CLOTHES AND GO HOME!

RIGHT NOW!



(SNIFFLER!) I WAS RIGHT ALL ALONG! NOBODY LIKES ME! I'M JUST A BURNT-OUT OLD ALCOHOLIC SLEAZEBAG! (GULP!)(CHOKER!) (WHIMPER!) (MOAN!)



(SIGH!) BACK TO THE COLD, BARREN APARTMENT, WITHOUT ANY HUMAN COMPANIONSHIP EXCEPT FOR MY STUPID CAT!



I'M GONNA (BURP!) TRY ONE MORE TIME, AND IF THIS ROUTINE ISN'T A HIT, I'M GONNA RETIRE FROM THE COMIX BIZ FOREVER!



YOU'VE READ ABOUT THE ONE THAT WAS TRAPPED IN A WORLD HE NEVER MADE.
WELL, THIS ONE WAS TO BE STUCK IN A BED HE NEVER MADE!

FREDERICK THE DUCK

SO, HAVE YOU EVER CONSIDERED THE
ADVANTAGES OF BEING TWO FEET TALL?

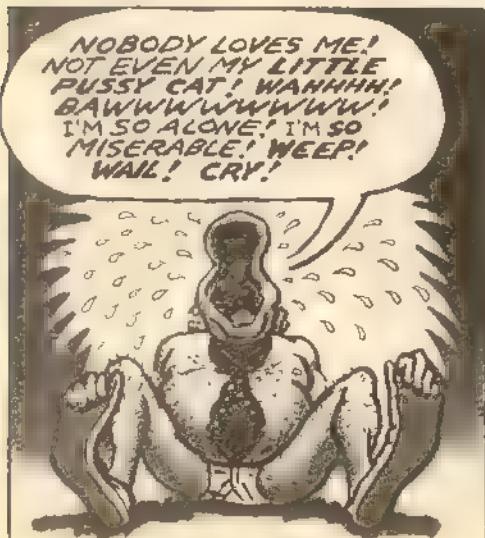
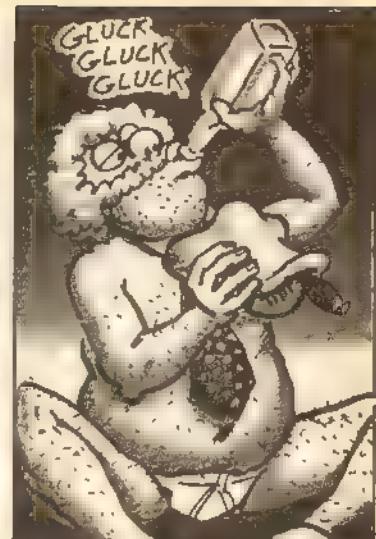
THERE'S ONLY ONE
ADVANTAGE: YOU CAN
SEE UP ALL THE GIRLS'
DRESSES!

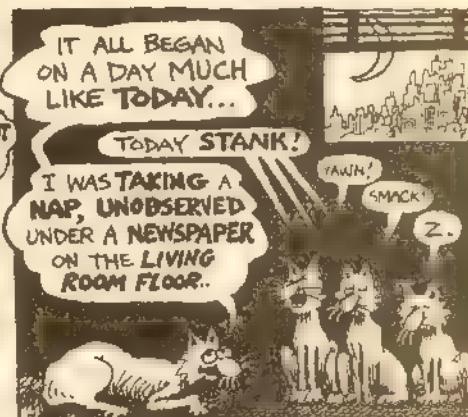
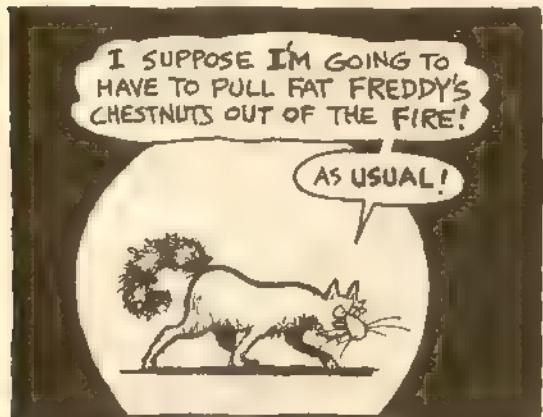
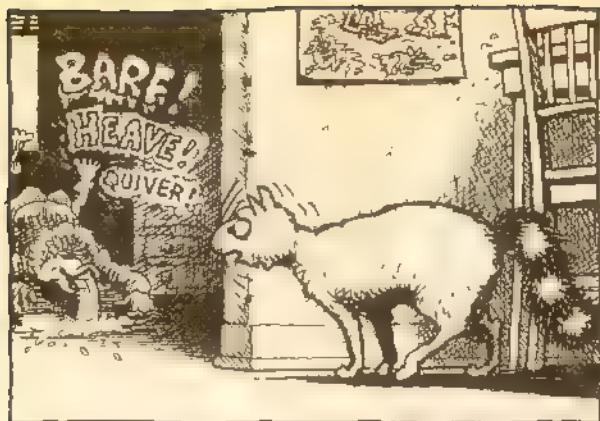
TED
RICHARDS

© 1985 BLOP INC.

IT'S MORE DIFFICULT
WHEN YOU'RE FIVE ELEVEN!

(SIGH.) (BELCH?)
HEY! WANNA HEAR
A DUCK JOKE?





I NEVER EVEN KNEW WHAT HIT ME. IT WAS JUST
L...

THE ADVENTURES OF
FAT FREDDY'S CAT in

Paradise

YOW! I MUSTA MISCOUNTED! I WAS
THINNING I HAD AT LEAST THREE LIVES LEFT!

AS I FLOATED UPWARD THROUGH THE INK, IT
BEGAN TO GET MORE AND MORE LIGHT, AND WARMER.

SLOWLY, SOMETHING WAS COMING INTO VIEW.

WHAT'S THAT HANGING
DOWN FROM ABOVE?
IT LOOKS LIKE THE
CORNER OF A REALLY
EXPENSIVE DAMASK
TABLECLOTH!

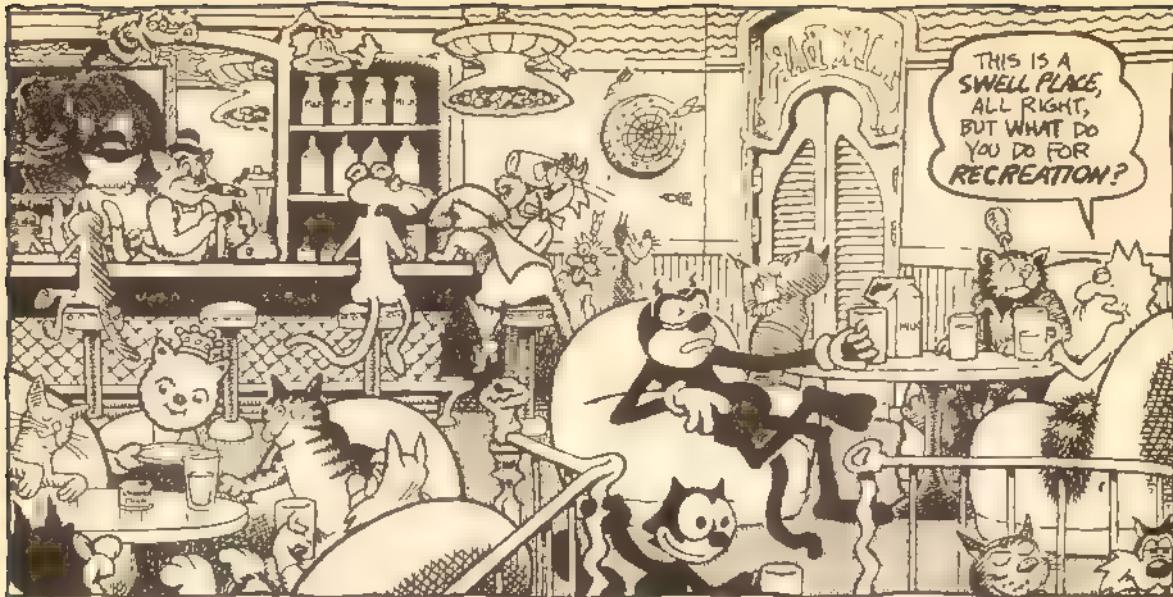
SO I HOOKED SOME CLAWS INTO THE FATIGUE
FABRIC AND PROCEEDED TO MOUNT THE SUMMIT.

AFTER A BIT OF A CLIMB,
I REACHED THE TOP...

HOORAY! HOORAY!
IT'S FAT FREDDY'S CAT!

GILBERT SHELTON & PAUL MAVRIDES





ON SUNDAYS WE HAVE THE BULLDOG FIGHTS! YOU SEE, BELOW US IS DOG HEAVEN, AND EVERY ONCE IN A WHILE ONE OF THEM DUMB SONS OF BITCHES SOMEHOW MANAGES TO DIE, RIGHT THERE IN HIS OWN HEAVEN WHERE HE HAS EVERYTHING GOING FOR HIM.



...AND THEY'RE SO DAMNED STUPID THEY COME UP HERE TO OUR HEAVEN WHERE WE RULE! SO WE PUT 'EM IN THE RING! WOULD YOU CARE TO GIVE IT A GO?



YOU COULD GO MOUSE HUNTING, THEN!

YOU HAVE MICE HERE IN HEAVEN? GREAT!

OH YES! THEY'RE ALWAYS DROPPING DOWN FROM MOUSE HEAVEN, WHICH IS DIRECTLY ABOVE US AND EXTREMELY CROWDED!



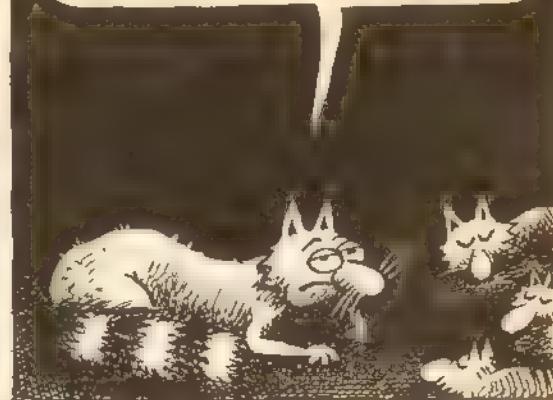
YOU MAY, OF COURSE, HAVE ANYTHING YOU DESIRE IN HEAVEN JUST BY WISHING FOR IT, BUT BE CAREFUL WHAT YOU BRING UP HERE, BECAUSE THE PLACE IS RATHER FLIMSYLY CONSTRUCTED!



VERY QUICKLY, HOWEVER, JUST AS HE HAD FEARED, FAT FREDDY'S CAT BECAME BORED WITH THE AFTERLIFE IN PARADISE.

HMM.. WHAT CAN I DO FOR ENTERTAINMENT NOW? TAKE A NAP? NAW, I JUST DID THAT...

YEP, FORGIVE ME FOR SAYING IT, BOYS, BUT HEAVEN HAS ABOUT AS MUCH ACTION AS AKRON, OHIO!



UH-OH! I'VE BORED EVERYONE TO SLEEP, MYSELF INCLUDED! AND WHILE WE DOZED, THE TEMPERATURE DROPPED A FULL FIFTY DEGREES, AND HERE'S THIS OBESE MORON ASLEEP IN A POOL OF HIS OWN REGURGITATION, CLAD ONLY IN HIS JOCKEY SHORTS, RIGHT IN FRONT OF THE OPEN WINDOW!



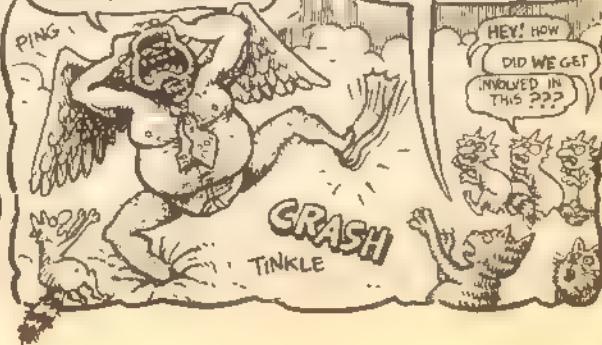
...AS I WAS SAYING, IT WAS SO EXTREMELY, STULTIFYINGLY, TEDIOUSLY BORING THAT I FORGOT WHAT I WAS DOING AND INADVERTENTLY SUMMONED UP THAT FAT FUZZY DEMON...

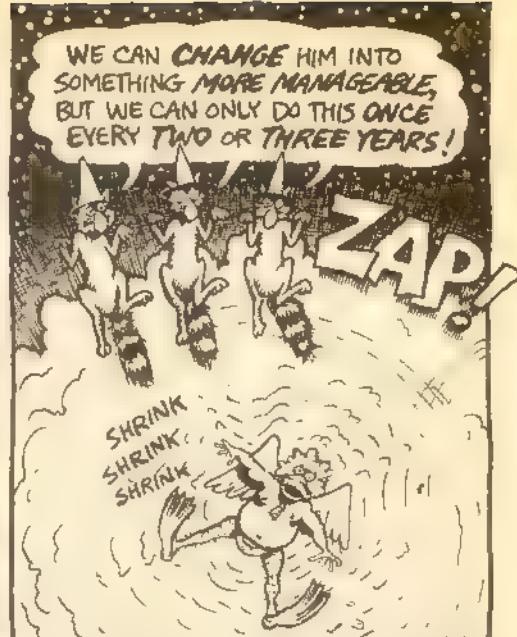
I WISH OL' FAT FREDDY WERE HERE SO I COULD CRAP IN HIS SOCKS AND WATCH THE EXPRESSION ON HIS FACE!

HE WAS WEARING, OF ALL THINGS, A PLASTIC DUCK BILL AND SWIM FINS.

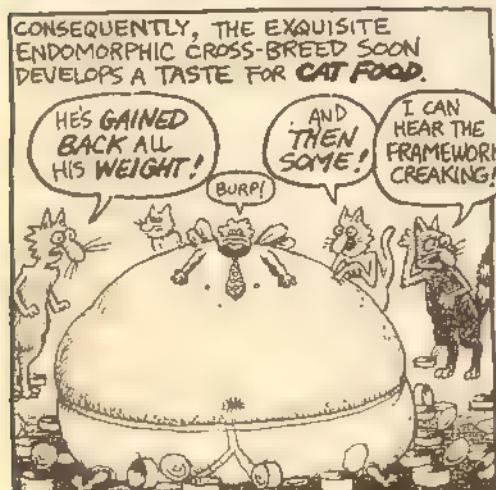
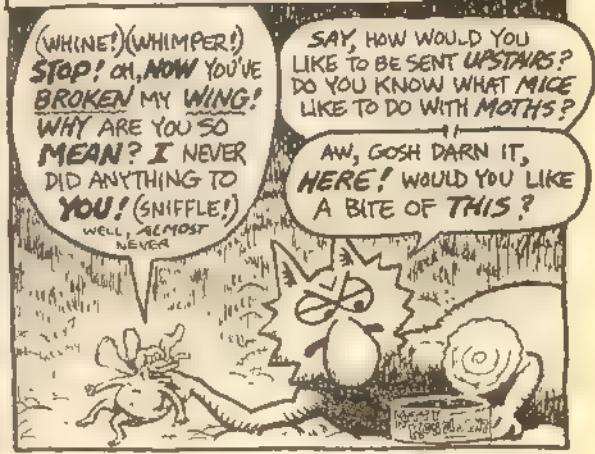
UNHHH! OHHHH! WHERE AM I? (GRUNT!) ARRRGGGHHH! OH! MY HEAD!

STOP HIM! HE'LL RUIN THE SUPERSTRUCTURE!

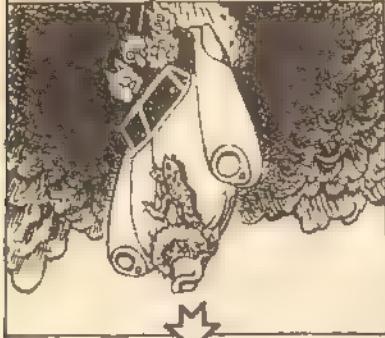




HOWEVER, THE PITIFUL AND CEASELESS CRIES
OF THE PLUMP LITTLE FREDDY-INSECTOID PROVE
TO BE TOO MUCH EVEN FOR THE JADED SYMPATHY
GLANDS OF **FAT FREDDY'S CAT**...



OFF FLY OUR HEROES, LIKE AN ANVIL,
OR, MORE PRECISELY, A BLUE-GREEN 1950
STUDEBAKER COMMANDER CONVERTIBLE.



DOWN, DOWN THROUGH THE NUMEROUS
STAGES OF PARADISE: FIRST, THE DOGS,
CAUSING THEM TO LOSE THEIR COMPOSURE.

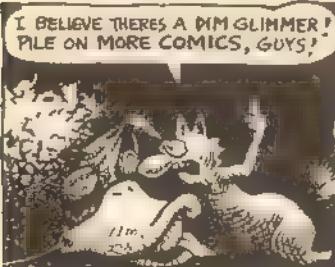


AND LATER, SOMEWHERE TOWARD THE
BOTTOM, THE ANTHROPOMORPHIC LEVEL.

IF AH EVAH CATCH
YEW SPEEDIN' THROUGH
MAH BAILWICK AGAIN,
BWAH, AHM TAKIN'
AWAY YOH LICENSE!

THEY MUSTA BEEN
DOIN' TWO HUNDRED!

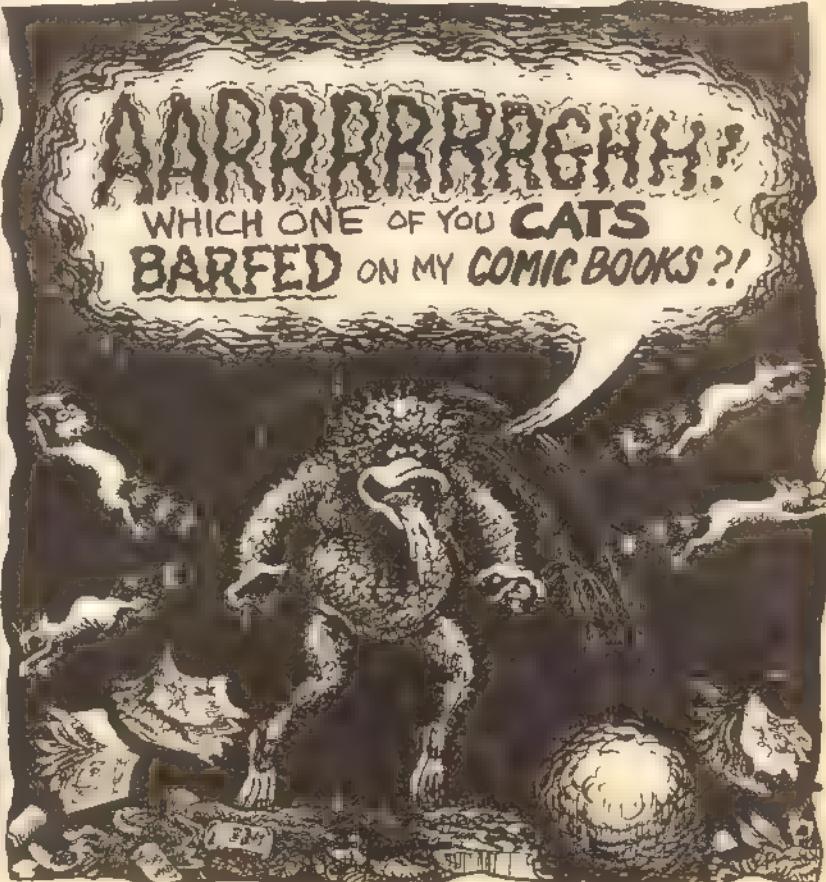
FORGIVE THEM,
FATHER, FOR
THEY KNOW NOT
WHAT THEY DO!



EARTH
HO!!!

PUT ON
THE BRAKES
NOW.

OR THE FLAPS,
OR WHATEVER!



YOU! YOU! YOU! AND YOU!
YOU ALL LOOK GUILTY AS HELL!!



I'LL KILL YOU! I'LL SKIN YOU ALL ALIVE AND HANG YOUR MUTILATED PELTS FROM THE CLOTHESLINE AS A GRIM WARNING TO ALL CATS EVERYWHERE!



I HATE CATS!
I HATE CATS!
I HATE CATS!

THIS IS THE THANKS WE GET?

(SIGH!) IT'S A JUNGLE DOWN HERE, KIDS! KEEP ON TRUCKIN'!

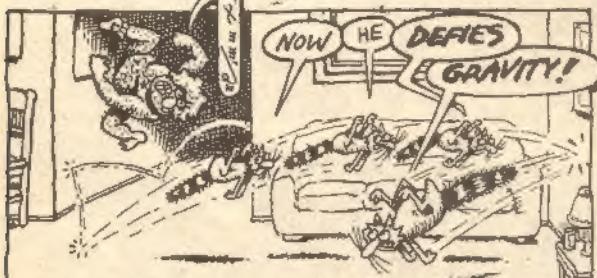


Let there be none to extend mercy unto them:
Neither let there be any to comfort his
fatherless children.

Let his poster
generations
blotted out
and in the
darkness be

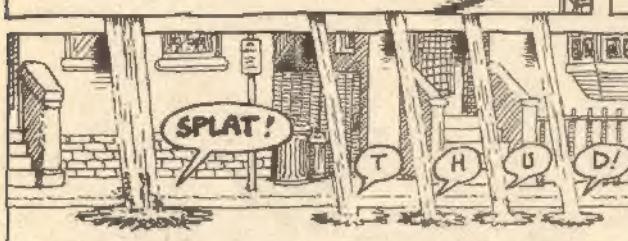


NOW HE DEFIES GRAVITY!

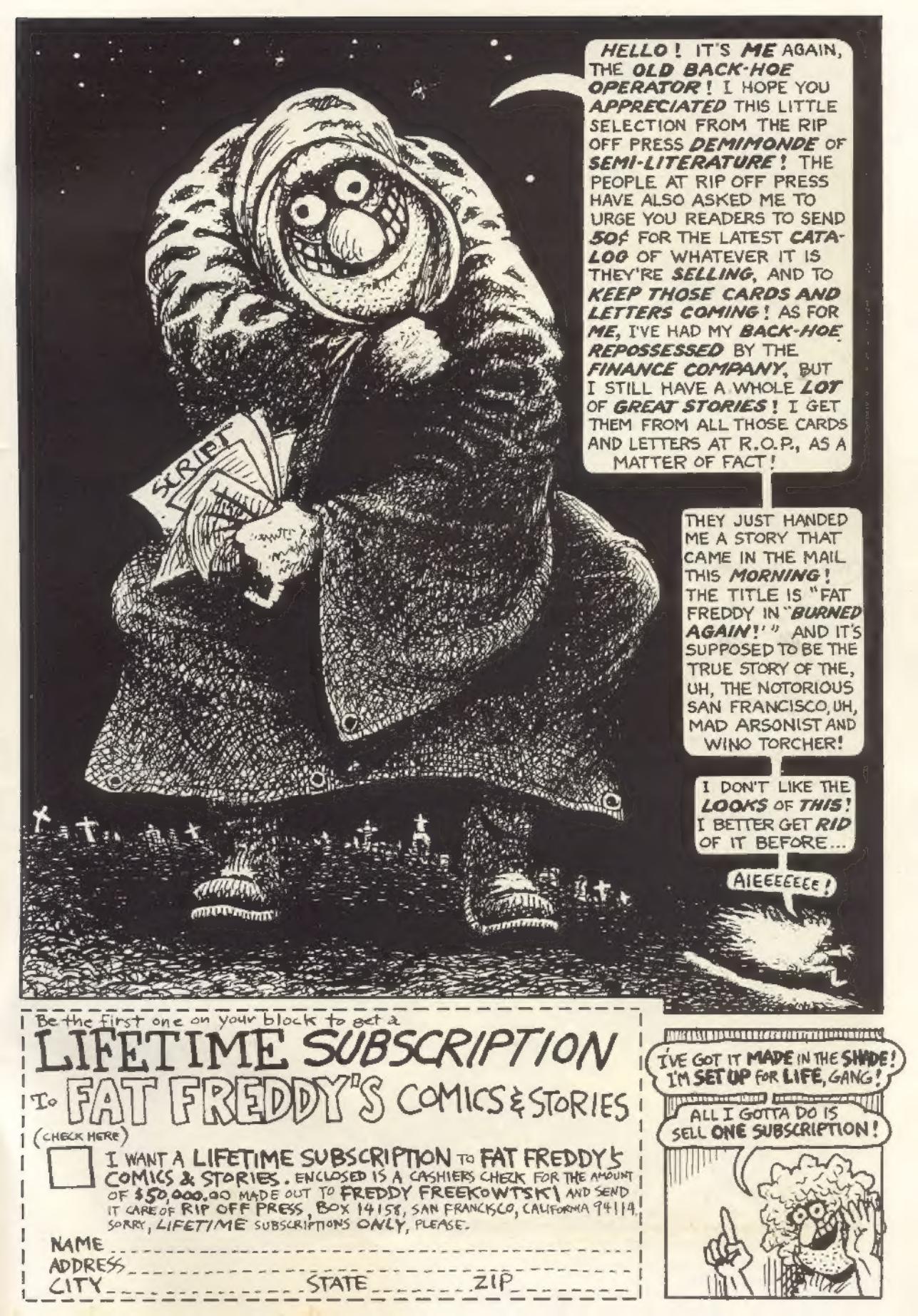


SPLAT!

T H U D!



The END



HELLO! IT'S ME AGAIN, THE OLD BACK-HOE OPERATOR! I HOPE YOU APPRECIATED THIS LITTLE SELECTION FROM THE RIP OFF PRESS DEMIMONDE OF SEMI-LITERATURE! THE PEOPLE AT RIP OFF PRESS HAVE ALSO ASKED ME TO URGE YOU READERS TO SEND 50¢ FOR THE LATEST CATALOG OF WHATEVER IT IS THEY'RE SELLING, AND TO KEEP THOSE CARDS AND LETTERS COMING! AS FOR ME, I'VE HAD MY BACK-HOE REPOSSESSED BY THE FINANCE COMPANY, BUT I STILL HAVE A WHOLE LOT OF GREAT STORIES! I GET THEM FROM ALL THOSE CARDS AND LETTERS AT R.O.P., AS A MATTER OF FACT!

THEY JUST HANDED ME A STORY THAT CAME IN THE MAIL THIS MORNING! THE TITLE IS "FAT FREDDY IN 'BURNED AGAIN!'" AND IT'S SUPPOSED TO BE THE TRUE STORY OF THE, UH, THE NOTORIOUS SAN FRANCISCO, UH, MAD ARSONIST AND WINO TORCHER!

I DON'T LIKE THE LOOKS OF THIS! I BETTER GET RID OF IT BEFORE...

AEEEEEEEEE!

Be the first one on your block to get a

LIFETIME SUBSCRIPTION TO FAT FREDDY'S COMICS & STORIES

(CHECK HERE)

I WANT A LIFETIME SUBSCRIPTION TO FAT FREDDY'S COMICS & STORIES. ENCLOSED IS A CASHIERS CHECK FOR THE AMOUNT OF \$50,000.00 MADE OUT TO FREDDY FREEKOWTSKI, AND SEND IT CARE OF RIP OFF PRESS, BOX 14158, SAN FRANCISCO, CALIFORNIA 94114. SORRY, LIFETIME SUBSCRIPTIONS ONLY, PLEASE.

NAME

ADDRESS

CITY

STATE

ZIP

I'VE GOT IT MADE IN THE SHADE!
I'M SET UP FOR LIFE, GANG!

ALL I GOTTA DO IS
SELL ONE SUBSCRIPTION!



HITCH YOUR WAGON



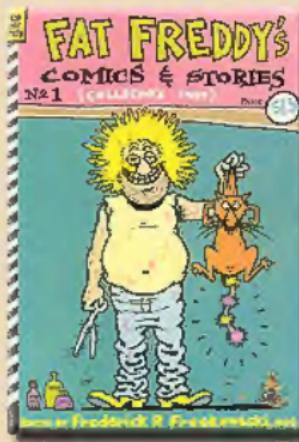
TO A CHICKEN



© Gilbert Shelton 1981

Number one in a series of great sayings for the eighties.
Brought to you by Rip Off Press, Inc., as a public service.
Illustrated by Gilbert Shelton.

Colored by Guy Colwell using the Fluorotint® color reproduction procedure.
For a catalog of our publications, send 50¢ to Rip Off Press, Box 14158, San Francisco 94114.



Fat Freddy's Comics & Stories #1

Published 1983

(1st edition)

Rip Off Press

\$1.50

36 pages

Printrun of 7 copies

6 7/8" x 10"

ISBN:

Artists:

Gilbert Shelton - 1-2, 3-6+, 27-34+, 35-36

Paul Mavrides - 3-6+, 27-34+

Hal Robins - 7-10

Jack Jackson ("Jaxon") - 11-14

Spain Rodriguez - 15-18

Guy Colwell - 19-22

S. Clay Wilson - 23-24

Ted Richards - 25-26

Sir Real's UNDERGROUND COMIX CLASSIX

Stories:

- 3 - Tales From The Old Back-Hoe Operator
- 7 - Space Case
- 11 - Freddy The Barbarian
- 15 - G.I. Freddy
- 19 - Fat Freddy's True Romances
- 23 - Superfat Freddy
- 25 - Frederick The duck
- 28 - Fat Freddy's Cat in "Paradise Revisited"
- 35 - Lifetime Subscription
- 36 - Hitch Your Wagon to a Chicken

Comments:

Ink smudge in the lower right frame of page 21.